

His kiss 65

Chapter 65

Just beneath, the line of his collarbone caught the soft overhead light. Rumor had it he jogged at dawn, which explained the smooth, defined muscle beneath his tailored clothes—every inch of him fit and athletic.

Wesley was the complete package: sharp mind, arresting looks, a body that seemed carved for envy.

Gabriela was lost in thought until Wesley's low voice shattered the hush. "Eyes on the road."

She jolted upright, heart thudding as reality snapped back into focus. A confused moment ticked by before she remembered—she wasn't the one at the wheel. Had he realized her mind had been spinning wild fantasies about him?

It wasn't her fault, to be fair. With Wesley's commanding presence filling the car, how could she not let her thoughts stray sometimes?

She ducked behind the stack of documents, cheeks flushed, refusing to risk another glance his way, and so she failed to notice the faint, knowing curve of a smile tugging at Wesley's lips.

The drive from the office to Rosemont Gardens blurred past in a quiet half hour. When the car finally rolled to a stop, Gabriela gathered her things and offered a polite, "Thank you for the ride home, Mr. Moss."

For the boss himself to chauffeur a secretary—it was almost absurdly gentlemanly.

Wesley's eyes flicked to the folders in her hands. "Go over those tonight. I'll be testing you myself tomorrow."

Gabriela's fleeting gratitude vanished before it could take root. In the shadows cast by the car's dim interior, she forced a brittle smile, jaw set with determination. "Don't worry, Mr. Moss. If it takes all night to get these down, then I won't sleep until I have."

Wesley's lips curved with approval. "That's what I like to hear."

She slipped out of the car and started toward the gates—only to find Phyllis waiting for her on the sidewalk. Phyllis's stubborn devotion was nothing short of legendary; not a single day passed without her loitering outside the mansion's iron gates. Tonight she had outdone herself. Dustin stood at her side, and, to Gabriela's astonishment, even Josh and Marie had turned up for the late-night vigil. Without...

Gabriela's eyes locked with Phyllis's, her calm demeanor unshaken. "A boss who values his employees," she replied coolly, her voice unwavering. "Something you wouldn't understand."

Phyllis's expression faltered, but only for a moment, before she countered, "You're playing it well, I'll give you that. But everyone knows how the game works, Gabriela. You've always known how to climb the ladder."

Gabriela took a deep breath, unwilling to let Phyllis's words pierce her resolve. "I'm just doing my job, Phyllis. There's no game. But if you're implying something, I suggest you say it outright."

The silence that followed was thick, each word hanging heavy in the air. Marie shifted uncomfortably, but it was clear she wasn't about to back down from her sharp commentary.

"Of course you would defend him," Marie said, her tone dripping with disdain. "But don't forget who you were before you got this 'promotion.'"

Gabriela's gaze never wavered from her aunt. "And don't forget who I am now. I've earned my place."

Josh, sensing the rising tension, stepped in with a sigh. "Enough, both of you. Gabriela's right. Let's not turn this into something it's not."

Gabriela shot him a grateful look, silently thankful for the brief moment of peace. Still, she couldn't shake the feeling that Phyllis and Marie wouldn't be satisfied until she was brought down a peg.

"Good night," Gabriela said, her voice sharp but polite as she turned to walk toward the door.

As she walked away, she heard Marie mutter under her breath, but Gabriela didn't bother to turn around. She had long since learned that some battles weren't worth fighting.

Her stride was confident, unwavering as she headed toward her future, leaving behind the small-minded judgments of family members who still couldn't see the strength she had fought so hard to build.

